"MAKE-UP" BOOK—HOW TO "MAKE-UP." A practical guide for Amateurs, with Twenty-three Colored Illustrations.

No. CCCXXXIII.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

MOCK TRIAL

FOR

BREACH OF PROMISE.

BY

MRS C. A. DOREMUS AND MISS H. E. MANCHESTER.

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

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NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
28–30 WEST 38TH STREET

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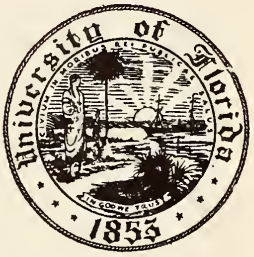

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

"A Mock Trial for Breach of Promise of Marriage" is arranged for public of parlor entertainment and is equally adapted to amateur or professional ability. It has been produced with marked success. Much depends upon the proper dressing of the characters, and for that reason, minute details of costume, etc., are given.

Miss Araminta Clovertop represents an old maid, quite well along in years, and made up to look as youthful as suits her character. Rouged so as to be plainly noticeable; false curls of fiery red; four stiff curls each side of her face; dress, a white muslin, flounced to the waist; broad blue sash with long ends; large sunflower in her belt; a pair of spectacles which she uses to look at letter, but removes quickly when observed; a large bonnet tied with strings under her chin; slippers and light-stockings; loud jewelry, *ad libitum*; conspicuous rings, which are displayed by lace mitts; very old-fashioned figured lace veil thrown over one side of bonnet; large, square bag with drawing strings, must be very deep and bright-colored.

Mrs. Busby, very fashionably dressed in extreme of style; India shawl; dainty gloves; dress should have a train.

Miss Ethelinda Caroline Mary Anderson Busby. Quite short skirts; striped stockings; French heeled boots; hair in long braids tied with ribbons; small and very juvenile hat.

Jay Cooke Busby. Dress suit; very flashy vest; bright colored necktie; diamond pin and studs; bald wig.

Hezekiah Clovertop. Country bumpkin style; clothes too small; short in arms and legs; hair rather long and inclined to red; carries umbrella which has seen better days.

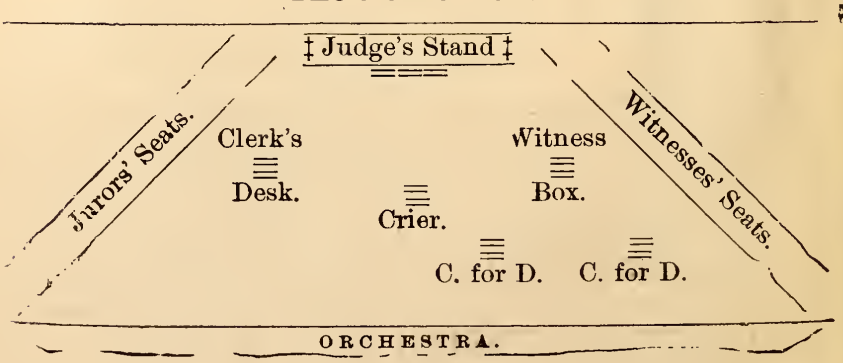
J. Barrymore de Browne-Smythe. Dressed in the height of fashion; lavender pants, frock coat, patent leather shoes; and light kid gloves. *very* light blonde wig.

Augustus Fitz Allen Thompson. Very loud plaid suit. A great deal of jewelry.

Judge in Gown. Jury, dressed, each to represent his own nationality.

Lawyers, ordinary business suits.

PLOT OF STAGE.



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DEFENDANT.—MR. J. BARRYMORE DE BROWNE-SMYTHE (A handsome heartless wretch).

HEZEKIAH CLOVERTOP (Big brother of Plaintiff).

MR. JAY COOKE BUSBY (A wealthy broker).

MR. AUGUSTUS FITZ ALLEN THOMPSON (Drummer by profession, and flirt by nature).

HON. ALLEN A. FOGG (Counsel for Plaintiff).

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER GIVEMFITZ (Counsel for Defendant).

JUDGE.—HON. BUNKER HILL CLAY.

HON. SPLICEM TITE (A justice of peace).

CLERK OF COURT.

CRIER.

OFFICERS.

DISTRICT TELEGRAPH BOY.

JURORS.

A. HARDCASE.

M. T. HEAD.

HANS ZWEILAGER.

U. R. GREENHORN.

CHOW CHOW SING SING, ESQ.

T. M. DEADBEAT.

HANNIBAL WASHINGTON NAPOLEON SNOWBALL (COLORED).

ICHABOD NUMBSKULL.

N. SWINDLER.

PAT. MORIARITY.

MONSIEUR AUGUSTE BETE-NOIR.

P. D. QUICK.

PLAINTIFF.—MISS ARAMINTA CLOVERTOP (A country blossom).

MRS. CYNTHIA ANN BUSBY (Her sister who lives on the Avenue).

ETHELINDA CAROLINE MARY ANDERSON BUSBY (A precocious child of sixteen, daughter of Mrs. Busby.)

179367

MOCK TRIAL FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

The Stage represents a Court of Justice. Bench for Jury extends across side of Stage. Judge's stand C. *Witness Box* R. 2 E. *Counsel for Plaintiff* R. *of Judge,* 1 E. *Counsel for Defendant* L. *of Judge,* 1 E. *Table* C. *Books and Papers. Officers have Staff.*

[*Enter* CRIER, CLERK OF COURT, DEFENDANT *with his* ATTORNEY. JURORS *are on, holding an animated discussion.*]

CRIER. (*pounding with gavel.*) Order ! order ! (JURORS *sit.*)

[*Enter* PLAINTIFF *with her* ATTORNEY, *and* WITNESSES, MR. AND MRS. BUSBY, MARY A. BUSBY. *Take seats on Bench* L. 1 E.]

[*Enter* JUDGE.]

CRIER. Order ! order !

CLERK. Hear ye ! hear ye ! All persons who have any business to do before this court, come forward and give your attention and you shall be heard !

JUDGE. Clerk will call Jurors for Clovertop versus Browne-Smythe.

CLERK. Hear you ! hear ! Good men and true, come forward and answer to your names as they are called, and save your fines. (*Unfolds long and formidable-looking document, reads off names.* JURORS *should each rise when his name is called so he may be easily identified, as their costumes should be suitable to their names. This will be good if well done.*)

CLERK. A. Hardcase.

HARD. Here.

CLERK. M. T. Head.

M. T. H. Here.

CLERK. Hans Zweilager.

ZWEI. Here.

CLERK. N. R. Greenhorn.

GREEN. Here.

CLERK. Chow Chow Sing Sing.

CHOW. Alle here.

CLERK. I. M. Deadbeat.

DEAD. Here.

CLERK. Hannibal Washington Napoleon Snowball.
SNOW. Heah, sah, suah.
CLERK. Ichabod Numbskull.
NUMB. Prethent.
CLERK. N. Swindler.
SWIN. P-p-p-pre-present.
CLERK. Pat Moriarity.
PAT. Here I am to the fore! The top o' the mornin' to yer honor.
CLERK. Mounseer Bete-Noir.
BETE-NOIR. *Me voici, monsieur.*
CLERK. P. D. Quick.
QUICK. Here.

JUDGE. Do any of the Jurors desire to be excused from serving on this case? (*All the* JURORS *rush forward at once to make objections.*)

JUDGE. What! all? One at a time, if you please.
CRIER. Order! order!
M. T. HEAD. I can't serve on this Jury to-day, your honor: I must be excused.
JUDGE. For what reason?
M. T. H. My wife has gone to Caucus and I must go home and take care of the baby. (*Laughter from* JURORS.)
JUDGE. You should have a nurse.
M. T. H. Can't afford it.
JUDGE. Well, if you can't manage your wife better than that, you don't deserve one, and the Court would be setting you a very bad example to excuse you. Proceed. (M. T. HEAD *takes his seat on Bench.*)
ZWEI. Yah! yah! I serves mit you Juge. (*Sits.*)

GREEN. (*Coming forward.*) See here Mr. Judge, I'm concientiously opposed to serving on juries. Why can't you decide this case alone. Haven't you got brains enough?
CRIER. Order in the Court, Mr. Greenhorn.
JUDGE. I will commit you for contempt, sir. Anyone would know you were a greenhorn.
GREEN. *U. R.* Greenhorn, if you please. (JURY *roar.*)
JUDGE. (*Furiously.*) Take your seat, sir.
SING. (*Standing up.*) Me alle lite—bringee chicken.
JUDGE. What do you want with a chicken?
SING. Me choppee head off and swearee on chicken.
JUDGE. None of your Chinese nonsense here, this is an American Court. What are your qualifications for serving?
SING. Me snatchee small boy bald headed, alle same—Melican Miss School Marm.
SNOWBALL. (*Grinning from ear to ear.*) I can lend my Chinese brudder a chicken, your honor. I foun' one a-roostin' out in de col' las' night an' I just fotched him home to keep him warm. Ya, ya, ya! (*Laughter from* JURY.)
JUDGE. That will do, Sambo, we don't need your chichen.
NUMBSKULL. (*Coming forward, lisping.*) I'll therve, thir.
PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY. (*Stepping forward and looking him over critically.*) Have you formed any opinion on this subject, or on any subject whatever? (*Examines him from head to foot.*)

NUMB. (*With great apparent stupidity.*) No thir.

P. ATT. Are you open to conviction?

NUMB. Yeth, thir, when I can underthtand it, thir.

P. ATT. Do you know anything about this case?

NUMB. Only what I've theen in the paperth, and ath they never tell the truth about anything, I know leth than I did before. (*Sits.*)

JURORS. Hear! hear! (*Laughter.*)

N. SWINDLER. (*Coming forward stammering.*) P-p-p-please your honor; I w-w-w-want to be cuse-cuse-excused.

JUDGE. Then you must show just and sufficient cause.

N. SWIN. I-I-I understand V-V-Van-der-bilt and Jay Gould are g-g-g-getting up a little c-c-c-corner on apples and I w-w-w-want to g-g-g-gather in a f-f-few myself.

JUDGE. You are discharged, sir, your mind is not free and untramelled as a Juror's should be. (SWINDLER *returns and talks to others* JURORS *in dumb show; takes out telegrams and shows them; takes out his watch and look at the door anxiously as if expecting news.*

PAT. MORIARITY. (*Coming forward scratching his head.*) Pat. Moriarity your honor.

JUDGE. Can you read, Pat.

PAT. Little enough your honor; I'm not over fond of it.

JUDGE. What is your business?

PAT. Me neighbor's, sure, yer honor.

JUDGE. That's most people's, Pat. You define your occupation in too general a way: what do you do for a living?

PAT. Most anything that comes handy, sor.

JUDGE. I think you have time to serve, Pat. (*Moriarity sits.*)

BETE-NOIR. (*Coming forward.*) *Me behold monsieur.*

JUDGE. Can you read English?

BETE-NOIR. I have not much *habitude.*

JUDGE. Then you know nothing abont this case?

BETE-NOIR. *Oui*, I know ver' little vat you say. (*Looks fearfully puzzled and takes seat.*)

P. D. QUICK. (*Jumps up and talks in a very jerky, fussy manner; must be very nervous and excitable.*) Here! P. D. Quick, your honor. If you'll decide this case right off, I'll stay; if not, I must be excused.

JUDGE. Suppose you hear it first, Mr. Quick.

P. D. Q. Certainly with pleasure, P. D. Quick.

CRIER. Order in the Court.

P. D. Q. I don't like to hurry you, your honor, but I've got a few little things on hand that I must attend to to-day.

JUDGE. This case, sir, is of the first importance. What have you on hand.

P. D. Q. Well, your honor, first I have to take up a collection for a poor widow in our church, and I also want to propose to a rich but lovely maiden who is much beset; if I don't do it to-day I may forget it and some other chap get her. Then I must cast a play for the benefit of our Orphan Asylum there.

JUDGE. (*Interrumpting him*). Stop, sir, stop, if you get anything for the widow you're lucky. The young lady will probably refuse you; that won't take long; but as for the Orphan Asylum's play,

some one will doubtless endow it before you can fill your cast. The Court is doing you a favor to keep you out of that scrape.

[*Enters District Telegraph Boy; hands* N. SWINDLER *a telegram; opens telegram and stammers; reads it aloud to* JURYMEN.]

SWIN. M-m-market's b-b-busted on apples—high as a k-k-kite. (To JUDGE.) I've changed my mind your honor; I'll serve.

JUDGE. What is your reason for this sudden change?

SWIN. Have just heard that the apples are sour, your honor.

JUDGE. Had a bite did you?

SWIN. Not exactly, but ha-ha-had one bitten f-f-for me.

JUDGE. (*To Plaintiff's Counsel.*) Is this jury satisfactory?

P. ATT. Yes.

CLERK. Do you positively affirm to well and truly try the matter in difference, between Araminta Clovertop, Plaintiff, and of Barrymore de Browne-Smythe, defendant, and, unless discharged by the justice, a true verdict to give according to evidence. (*All the* JURORS *jump up and speak together.*)

JURORS. I do. (*Holding up their right hands.*)

[JURORS *resume their seats and the Plaintiff's Attorney steps forward and opens the case to the Court. He particularly addresses himself to the* JURORS.]

PLAINTIFF'S COUNSEL. (*Opening the Case.*) May it please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury, in presenting my case before you, I shall endeavor to prove that my Client Miss Araminta Clovertop, of the town of Squashville, has been for some months the recipient of most marked attentions from Mr. Barrymore de Browne-Smythe—attentions which we shall prove unmistakably pointed to matrimony. We shall show that she poured out upon the altar of her first love, her girlish affections, and that this Adonis; this creature who writes his name with a *de* and a *hyphen* after basking in the sunlight of her smiles, cruelly, with malice and aforethought and mendacious affrontry, ruthlessly trampled upon her guileless heart and left her with the clinging tendrils of her hopes trailing in the dust, as it were. For her heart-breaking grief, which has eaten like the canker in the heart of the wild rose, and has furrowed her fair brow with lines of care and premature age—for her lacerated heart, for her, in short, her bitter and terrible disappointment, I claim heavy damages to the amount of $5,000, which will serve in some slight measure as a healing balm. (*Wipes his forehead with his handkerchief and turns to* ARAMINTA.) Miss Clovertop will please take the stand. (ARAMINTA *begins sniffling, rises and mounts stand.*) Compose yourself, Miss Clovertop, compose yourself. (*Very gravely waving his outstretched hands up and down.*

ARAMINTA. (*Plunging her hand in her bag and brings out a lace handkerchief.*) Well, I suppose I must. (*Covers her face and goes into hysterics.*) Oh, dear! I wish I never see that man. (*Sobs violently.*)

P. ATT. (*Waving his hands benignly.*) Compose yourself, Miss Clovertop, compose yourself.

[ARAMINTA *puts hand back in bag and draws strings violently; takes out little mirror and powder bag and powders. Oath is then administered to her.*]

CLERK. Are you pretty sure you will give in your evidence relating to the matter in difference between Araminta Clovertop, Plaintiff, and J. Barrymore de Browne-Smythe, Defendant. The truth, nearly all the truth, and not much more than the truth? (*This must be rattled off and slurred over and spoken through the nose with no importance given it as is usual with oaths.*)

ARA. I suppose I must. (*Pulls strings of bag apart violently and plunges for handkerchief, and sniffles.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! (*Sobs violently.*)

P. ATT. (*Waving hands.*) Compose yourself, compose yourself.

ARA. Well, I'll try. (*Screws up her face fearfully.*) Yes, of course I will. (*Replaces handkerchief with a jerk.*) I do. (*Bows her head, looks at Barrymore and heaves a deep sigh.*)

CLERK. Your name?

ARA. *Miss* Araminta Clovertop.

CLERK. Your age.

ARA. Twenty-two. (*Jurors all laugh and nudge each other.*)

CLERK. Birthplace.

ARA. Squashville. (*Plunges for handkerchief.*) Oh, dear! I wish I'd never left it. (*Sniffles and sobs.*)

P. ATT. Compose yourself Miss Clovertop, compose yourself, and tell your simple touching story, *slowly* and *distinctly* to the Jury.

ARA. (*Replacing handkerchief with jerk.*) Well, I'll try. I suppose I must. (*Her statement should be rattled as rapidly as possible right through her nose and on a very high key.*) I left home early in the fall, soon after harvest, to visit sister Cynthy Ann. Ma was going to make rag carpets; I always did hate to cut rags, its so apt to spile the looks of one's hands. (*Holds up red hands to* JURY *with short black lace mitts showing fingers.*)

P. ATT. Yes, yes; well what time did you arrive in town?

ARA. I 'rived 'bout midnight, as far as I could judge, and was awful scared at the station, being so young and timmersom like, and would you believe it? one of them impudent hacknen tried to run off with my bandbox and it had *this* bonnet in it. (*Looks around and smiles at* JURY. *Bonnet slips back, she seizes it with both hands and holds it on; looks appealingly at* JUDGE.) Can any one lend me a hairpin? (CYNTHIA *passess her a hairpin.*) Thanks. These new fashioned bonnets are so awful hard to keep on. I wore it a-purpose to-day 'cause its so becoming. Don't you think so, JUDGE? (*Turns to* JUDGE. *Laughter from* JURY.)

CRIER. Order! order!

ARA. Well, as I was saying, I took a car, and then a 'bus, then a stage, and rode about five miles, I should judge. I didn't know the way very well, so I asked all the people in the stage what I'd better do. Somebody told me I was in the wrong bus, so I got out; and standing on the corner was such a tall, handsome, millingtary man; you just ought to seen the splendid big gold buttons on his coat!

P. ATT. We've seen such before, Miss Clovertop.

ARA. Well, he put me on the Alleviated Road and I was at Cynthy's in no time. Guess I didn't have further'n half a mile to go when I got in; 'twasn't hardly worth climbing them steps fur. I

wished before I found the house that I had let Pa send a telegraph to Cynthy that I was coming, but I thought I'd give her such a delightful surprise. When I got to Cynthy's she and Mr. Busby was sittin' down to supper in the cellar, late as it was, long past bedtime, most ten o'clock, and a spruce young fellow was with them, and brother-in-law, he introduced him as Mr. Augustus Fitz Allen Thompson. Somehow I didn't take to him at all, but he stared at me awfully. I suppose he was overwhelmed with my appearance. I tell you what, I just fell to when I see such nice victuals. Ma never would let me eat late at night for fear of spoiling my complexion.

DEF. ATT. (*Interrupting.*) If you please Miss Clovertop, we would very much like to hear some facts relating to the case in question, and not discuss your complexion; it speaks for itself.

ARA. I don't see what you're in such an awful hurry for. Well, after supper I went up to my room in my attic. (*Cynthy pulls her by the dress; Aramitta turns to her.*) Well, I suppose it wasn't really up attic, but it seemed so it was so far to go—but I tell you what—it was as pretty as our parlor out in Squashville. There was a lovely piece of rag carpet before the fire and darned lace curtains at every windy; and such lots of pickle jars standin' 'round; and soup plates stuck up on the wall. I didn't know whether I was in the cubboard or what. I really felt like a cat in a strange chimneytop.

DEF. ATT. (*Interrumpting.*) We do not care to have an inventory of Mrs. Busby's furniture.

MARY ANDERSON. (*Interrupting.*) Oh, Aunty! don't forget to tell how you blew out the gas after you took off your hair and put your teeth in the wash bowl. My, how funny you looked!

ARA. That's a big story, Mary Anderson Busby. Cynthy can't you make that child behave.

MARY AND. I'm not a child, anyway you were afraid to sleep by yourself.

CRIER. Order! order!

P. ATT. (*Interrumpting.*) Go on Miss Clovertop the case is becoming deeply interesting.

ARA. Well, I'll try. Next morning Cynthy and I took a coup and went out to do some trading. Somehow 'ruther Cynthy didn't seem to be satisfied with my clothes; for all I'd brought so much. There was my plum colored alpaccy and my nice pink spring calico, and my grass green poplin for parties, made with a train to touch the ground (my alpaccy had a overskirt), besides my sky blue merino travelling dress.

P. ATT. We have no doubt Miss Clovertop that your wardrobe is all it should be. You may omit these details and proceed with your narration.

ARA. Well, I'll try. Cynthy does all her tradin' at the "Ladies' Cop," they call it. My! such a big store I never see. First we got into a little cupboard, and all at once, if you'll believe it, the walls began to run down cellar. I was so frightened, I grabbed Cynthy and screamed.

P. ATT. Yes, Miss Clovertop, we can well imagine your agitation, but perhaps it may be as well to tell us now where your acquaintance with Mr. J. Barrymore de Browne-Smythe began.

ARA. I suppose I must. (*Plunges in her bag, putting her handkerchief to her eyes and begin to cry.*) I don't want to tell, 'cause if Pa found it out he'd scold me for going to the theatre. (*Sobs.*) I rue the day I ever see that man.

P. ATT. Well, so you met him at the theatre? Very well—compose yourself, my dear Miss Clovertop, compose yourself.

ARA. Well, yes, if I must tell; I never shall forget it 'cause I cried so when poor old Mr. Kirke had to drive Hazel out of his house. (*Sobs, jerks out his hannkerchief.*)

DEF. ATT. For heaven's sake, can't you talk a little faster?

ARA. (*Talking very fast.*) Well, I'll try. One of my bonnet strings was all stained with tears—you can see the place still. (*Holds up her bonnet string for jhe* JURY *to examine it.*) Barry and I were introduced that evening. Oh! dear! me! and he rode home with us in (*Sobs; handkerchief business*) Cynthy's carriage and we had such a good supper. Sister Cynthy don't think anything of having two suppers; one before tea and one after. Well, dear me! I'm so nervous I suppose I must come to the point. (*Sobs.*) It was a case of love at first sight. I knew at once that Barry was impressed with me and I reciprocated. Oh! how my heart beat as he sat and gazed at me—and he never ate a single thing except some oysters and cold turkey, and pork and beans, and pickles, and a few glasses of beer; then when he said good-night, he squose my hand and turned away his head and said he would give himself the pleasure of calling again very soon; and so he did; he came to dinner on Sunday and to lunch three or four times every week. I could see plainly that every time we met he was more and more in love with me. (*Sobs.*) Sometimes he'd look up from his plate into my face and *never say a word*, and once when I was a-telling him how fond my Pa. was of me and how they said they never could get along without their Mintie; he just put his handkerchief to his face and went to the front windy, pretending to look out, but I knew it was to hide his feelings. He was afraid my parents would refuse their consent. He tried a great many times to propose to me, but never seemed to get a chance. Cynthey and brother-in-law was always 'round and Barry was so bashful and I was so coy and modest. Finally one day J. C. had the gout and was laid up, and Ethelinda Mary Anderson was a-reading him the morning paper, and Cynthy, Barry and I was a-sittin' in the parlor talking about the weather, and making lamp-shades, and waiting for dinner to be dished up; and I had just said how I'd made up my mind to go home next week. Ma was so lonesome without me, when all at once Cynthy smelled something burning and ran to the kitchen and we was alone. (CYNTHIA *shakes her head and gesticulates wildly to* ARAMINTA *to stop when she mentions Kitchen.* ARAMINTA *takes no notice of* CYNTHIA'S *motions, but keeps right on.*) I see at once what was comin' and trembled like an aspen leaf. (*Pauses much embarrassed.*) Oh, dear! I wish I'd never seen his face!

P. ATT. (*reassuringly.*) Go on, go on! What did he say? Compose yourself, compose yourself. (*Waving his hands benignly.*)

ARA. Why, he says, says he, "So you say you are goin' to leave us? What will we do when you are gone? Life will seem like the

Desert of Sary without our country blossom!" What could I do? I see he was desperate, so I fell on his manly breast, and clasping him in my arms, I cried: "Oh, Barry! my own darling, I am yours forever!" Just then Cynthy came in and see how matters stood and congratulated us at once. He was so overcome he just grabbed his hat and ran out of the house, never waiting for a mouthful to eat. Next mornin' I had a telegraph from Pa saying that Ma was down sick with the influenzy and our help had a felon, and I had to pack up and go home right away. I never see Barry again till to-day. Oh, dear! I rue the day I ever see him! (*Bursts into tears.*) I wrote to him five or six times and all the answer I ever got from him was a short note sayin' I had mistook his meaning altogether, and we was only friends and should so remain, "Yours truly." As if anything could mean more than that. I've got it down in black and white, and if "yours truly" don't mean he was truly mine, what do it mean anyway? I shall hang on to that note. (*Sobs.*)

P. Att. Compose yourself, compose yourself! Have you other evidence to prove his devotion, Miss Clovertop?

Ara. Indeed I have. I've got a pair of slippers I began to work for him, but I never finished them. He shan't have them now; our new minister is a widower, poor fellow, and I mean to give the slippers to him next Christmas.

P. Att. That will do, you may stand down.

Def. Att. Wait a moment, Miss Carrot-top——

P. Att. Clover-top, if you please.

Ara. I suppose the gentleman refers to the tint of my hair. Its been greatly admired by artists, and one painter chap who stopped out to our place last summer wanted to paint it for a Venus; and there was a poem in the Squashville *Herald*; "To the Maiden of the Autumn Leaf Tresses," and everybody knew at once it was me he meant.

Def. Att. Well, Miss Mintie, what was your object in coming to town?

P. Att. I object to the question. Miss Clovertop has already stated that her object was to avoid cutting carpet rags.

Def. Att. If my learned friend will permit me, I would like to ask Miss Cloverseed——

P. Att. Clover-*top*, if you please.

Def. Att. Clovertop then; but Miss Mintie is shorter and will do as well. Well, Miss Mintie, you say you met the defendant at the theatre and were introduced to him then and there by your brother-in-law Jay Cooke Busby. Now had you no previous knowledge of each other. Remember you are on oath.

Ara. Well, then, if you must know (I never see such curiosity), I answered a advertisement I see in the *Herald* just before I came to town. Oh, dear! I wish I never had!

Def. Att. (*Producing scrap of paper.*) Was this the advertisement you answered? (*Reads it.*)

"Matrimonial.—A young man of high moral character and some means is willing to meet a lady of a poetical temperament like his own. Who is also rich and beautiful with a view of matrimony. The undersigned offers in return an impressive heart almost as good as new, having seen comparatively little wear and tear; a

handsome face and form ; a particularly killing moustache, and a high-toned name with a hyphen attachment ; and a most romantic disposition. Address, CUPID, P. O. Box, 777."

ARA. Well, it kinder sounds like it.

DEF. ATT. I don't care what it sounds like; was this the advertisement you answered ?

ARA. Yes, it were.

DEF. ATT. (*producing letter and showing it to her.*) Now if you *can* give another straightforward answer, is this your handwriting ?

ARA. Well, yes. (*Reluctantly, after putting on glasses and then removing them hastily.*)

DEF. ATT. That will do for the present. I will have the pleasure of reading you this letter later on, gentlemen. (*Folds up letter and places it in his pocket-book.* ARAMINTA *takes seat among witnesses.*)

CLERK. Cynthia Ann Busby. (*She rises and takes stand.* CLERK *administers oath.*)

CLERK. Are you pretty sure that you will give in your testimony relating to the difference between Araminta Clovertop, Plaintiff, and J. Barrymore de Browne-Smythe, Defendant, the truth, nearly all the truth, and not much more besides the truth ?

MRS. BUSBY. (*Bowing her head.*) I do.

P. ATT. Your name, madam, and age ?

MRS. B. Cynthia Ann Busby, and old enough to be a witness, sir. (*Tossing her head angrily.*)

P. ATT. Where do you live ?

MRS. B. What a question ! I *reside* on the *avenue* of course.

P. ATT. How many children have you ?

MRS. B. I really cannot say; I always leave such domestic details to my head nurse.

P. ATT. Give your testimony as concisely as you can, please. When did your sister come to visit you ?

MRS. B. In October. I remember because we had just returned from the Mountains after our annual visit to the sea-shore.

P. ATT. It will not be necessary for you to give an account of your travels Mrs. Busby ; please state when Mr. de Browne-Smythe's attentions to your sister first began, and whether you consider said attentions sufficiently marked to warrant her believing he was in love with her.

MRS. B. I know he was deeply enamored ; because he called frequently at meal times and often staid to dinner and lunch.

P. ATT. Were you present at all Mr. de Browne-Smythe's interviews with Miss Clovertop ?

MRS. B. Always.

P. ATT. Were you never obliged to leave the room to attend to household matters ?

MRS. B. How absurd you are ! I *never* attend to household matters.

MR. B. That's true.

CRIER. Silence in the Court !

P. ATT. If you knew that Mr. J. de Browne-Smythe was in love with your sister and she with him ; why did you not leave them alone, that he might propose to her and enjoy a little billing and cooing ?

MRS. B. Because I have spent several weeks abroad and I know that in dear delightful *Par-ee* a young person is always chaperoned.

P. ATT. You are quite sure that you were always with them.

MARY AND. (*Interrupting.*) Why, Ma ! don't you remember once how you thought you smelt the pumpkin pie burning and you went out to see about it.

MRS. B. I did leave the room once ; I remember now. My maid came to tell me that my new tea gown had just come from Worth's, and I wanted to see if it was becoming. When I returned I saw affairs were all settled for Araminta's arms were tightly clasped around Barrymore's neck. He seemed of course as is natural much agitated and overcome and soon left the house. When he had gone Araminta told me she had accepted him and we began to discuss her trousseau at once.

P. ATT. That will do, Mrs. Busby.

DEF. ATT. (*advancing.*) One moment, Mrs. Busby. Had Mr. de Browne-Smythe been in the habit of dining and lunching at your house before your sister came to visit you ?

MRS. B. Oh, yes ! he had been in the habit of taking his meals with us quite informally for over two years.

DEF. A . Did he ever come after the day on which your sister told you of her *engagement* ?

MRS. B. Well, no; I can't remember that he did. You see, he was so shocked by my sister's sudden departure for my father's country seat, and then he shortly after married Miss Moneybags.

DEF. ATT. That is quite sufficient, Mrs. Busby. (MRS. B. *sits.*)

(HEZELIAH CLOVERTOP *takes stand and is sworn in bypreceding formula : "You are pretty sure," etc.*)

P. ATT. Your name, sir ?

HEZEKIAH. Hezekiah Clovertop.

P. ATT. Your age ?

HEZ. Twenty-one.

P. ATT. Your business ?

HEZ. Well—my wife is a dressmaker.

P. ATT. Mr. Clovertop, you will please tell us all you know about this affair, and whether your sister was really engaged to Mr. de Browne-Smythe ?

HEZ. Well, I know she was engaged to him because my wife said——

P. ATT. Never mind what your wife said. What do you know ?

HEZ. Well, I don't know, only my wife thought——

P. ATT. Where is this accomplished wife, who does all the thinking and sayingfor the whole family ? She had better be produced, and give her testimony if it is so valuable.

HEZ. She went right off to Paris to get Mintie's weddin' clothes. I was a-tellin' ye, only that fellow (*pointing.*) wouldn't let me.

P. ATT. That will do. (HEZEKIAH *sits; looks bewildered.*)

CLERK. Mr. Jay Cooke Busby.

P. ATT. Your age?

J. C. B. Fifty.

P. ATT. Your business ?

J. C. B. Broker.

P. ATT. Please tell us what you know of this case. (BUSBY *glances*

at his wife as if afraid to speak ; she glares back at him.)

J. C. B. Well, you see Cynthy and I cooked it all up between us. We thought Mintie was getting along pretty well in years, so we sent for her to come and stop a little while with us ; thought we'd introduce her to Barry here and see what would come of it.

CYNTHA. You knew that's not so Mr. Busby.

CLERK. Please be seated madam ; you have finished your testimony.

J. C. B. Well, I must tell the truth, I suppose ?

P. ATT. Yes, sir ; that is nearly all the truth and not much more beside the truth.

J. C. B. Well, I don't know what Cynthy will do to me. I told Barry, Mintie had a neat bit of property, and I told her that Barry was very well off and an only son. I didn't say anything about his five sisters. Well, after a while I asked Mintie how she liked Barry and she said he was just too utterly sweet for any sort of use, or some such blamed nonsense as that, and that she'd marry him right off.

(MRS. BUSBY *and* ARAMINTA *are much agitated;* MARY ANDERSON *giggles ;* BUSBY *looks alarmed.*)

CRIER. Order in the court !

J. C. B. I asked Barry what he thought of our country blossom, and he said that she was one of the too utterly willing kind—one of these clinging vines, you know—and that all the money she had wouldn't tempt him.

P. ATT. Well, Mr. Busby, I don't think you have helped our case very much.

DEF. ATT. He has told the truth at all events, and that is so rare, we can overlook his frankness. (*To* BUSBY.) When and where did did your acquaintance with Mr. de Browne-Smythe begin ?

J. C. B. I was introduced to him at the club by Mr. Thompson about two years ago, and he borrowed $2.50 of me.

DEF. ATT. Did you know Defendant was engaged to Miss Moneybags ?

J. C. B. I know that he had been engaged to her but thought the affair had blown over, or I wouldn't have had Araminta come she proposed coming herself. I think now it was to try to meet Cupid. (*Winks at* BARRY.)

DEF. ATT. That is satisfactory, Mr. Busby. (MR. BUSBY *sits down mopping his head with a large red silk handkerchief.*)

P. ATT. Call Mary Anderson Busby.

[MARY ANDERSON *trips up into Witness Box and is sworn by preceding formula.*]

P. ATT. Your name?

MARY. Ethelinda Caroline Mary Anderson Busby.

P. ATT. Your age ?

MARY. S'teen.

MRS. BUSBY. Mary Anderson, you know you are only fourteen.

MARY. What a story, Ma ! You know I was fourteen when Auntie was thirty-eight, and now she's forty I must be s'teen. (*To* JURY.] Ma dresses me this way because she don't want me to look s'teen years old. She says she won't have two marriageable young ladies in the house at once, and that I can't come out till Auntie is

married. That's a cheerful look out for me!

P. Att. Doubtless your mother is right, Miss Busby. Now, let us know what you can of this affair.

Mary. Well, I know that Aunt Mintie was awfully mashed on Mr. Browne-Smythe, for every time he came to the house, she'd get herself up regardless. One day after she'd finished prinking and had gone down to see if Barry had come, I went to her room and painted up like I saw her do; I knew she'd not come up again till bed-time on account of her rheumatism.

Araminta. (*Interrupting.*) Mary Anderson, you know better. (*To* Jury.) I never had rheumatism in my life; it was only severe neuralgia in my left ankle. (*Laughter from* Jury.)

Def. Att. Yes, they do *call* it neuralgia now, I believe.

Crier. Order! order!

Mary. You may call it that if you think it sounds better, Aunty, but the Doctor said it was rheumatic gout. (Araminta *furious and much overcome.*)

Ara. You dreadful child! (*To* Jury.) Don't you believe a word she says! (*Sobs. Business with handkerchief.*)

P. Att. Miss Busby will you please keep to your evidence and leave your Aunt's ailments to her physician.

Mary. Well, after I had put on my war paint, you know, I ran down stairs and slipped behind the curtains just as the bell rang. Aunty didn't see me she was so busy arranging herself before the mirror; and mama was dosing in her chair the other side of the room. I wanted to see if Mr. Smith really cared for her, because if he didn't I wanted him for my beau. I'm plenty old enough to have a beau. Well, Barry came in and and shook hands with Aunty; she looked as if she'd like to kiss him.

P. Att. Keep to the point please.

Mary. Yes, I'm coming to it. They sat like two blocks for about half an hour; it seemed like two hours to me. Barry was humming "Little Buttercup" and Auntie was gazing up at him. At last Auntie said it was a fine day for a drive in the park, but Mr. Smythe thought it would rain. Then they kept quiet for a little while longer, and then Mr. Smythe said something about the Stock Exchange and told her she ought to go there; said it always reminded him of lunatic asylum. (I thought that was rather rough on Papa, but I guess its true because lots of people say the same thing.) He told her lots that I couldn't understand, and I don't think she did, but she looked very wise and smiled and said "*dear me*!" Then afterwards he asked her how she liked living in the city; my heart went pit-a-pat, I thought "now he's going to pop."

P. Att. Well, did he "pop," miss, that's the point?

Mary. Well, I wouldn't call it popping if he'd been talking to me. Auntie rolled up her eyes and and looked ready to lay her head on his shoulder. (*Agitation from* Aramin a.) At first I thought she had a head-ache, but Mr. Smythe didn't seem to care, for he got up and went over to the table and picked up a large album. Then I thought of the "Mighty Dollar," the scene, you know, where Libby Ray and her lover look over he *album* together; but he just turned over a few leaves, and then mama went out of the room. Then he said to Auntie in an off-hand sort of way: "You are going to leave

us, I hear; we shall miss our country blossom." Then Auntie gave a wild scream and grabbed him round the neck, and Ma came in and congratulated them. I'm sure as can be that Mr. Smythe didn't care a cent for her, but she was just gone on him. I think he liked me a great deal better han he did Aunt Mintie. (ARAMINTA *weeps and covers her face with her lace handkerchief, then replaces it in bag in the same jerky manner, pulling strings tightly.*)

P. ATT. Why are you so sure that she loved him, Miss Busby, and that her love was not reciprocated.

MARY. 'Cause I noticed he always ate onions when we had them for dinner nd tea, and Auntie never would all the time she was with us, though she is awful fond of onions.

P. ATT. That will do, Miss Busby, you may stand down. (MARY *returns to her seat. Business with* ARAMINTA, *who is very angry with her.*)

P. ATT. The Honorable Splicem Tite will please take the Stand. (HON. SPLICEM TITE *takes Stand.*)

SPLICEM TITE. I affirm.

P. ATT. What is your profession.

SPLICEM. Justice of the Peace.

P. ATT. Did you unite in the bonds of matrimony Mr. J. Barrymore de Browne-Smythe to Miss Moneybags?

SPLICEM. I did.

P. ATT. When did the ceremony take place?

SPLICEM. April 1st, 1881.

DEF. ATT. Most appropriate date.

P. ATT. Tell us something about the affair, if you please.

SPLICEM. I remember the big blow-out up to Midas Moneybags. Such a flow of punch and feast of terrapin! I don't forget a spread like that very soon; nor the thousand dollar draft old Moneybags gave me in addition to the dollar Barry paid me for the ceremony.

P. ATT. That will do. This is our case.

DEF. ATT. Please, your honor, I desire to move for a new suit on the following grounds: That a verbal contract not under seal is nugatory.

JUDGE. The objection is over-ruled.

DEF. ATT. May it please your honor, and gentlemen of the Jury, who are the proper persons to decide this case, you especially, gentlemen, if I may tax your time and patience, I would like to be shown the case in question for at present I see none. Miss Clovertop has proved conclusively to *my* mind, assisted by her valuable (?) witnesses that my client's attentions, so far from springing from a breast gushing with affection, as it were, were the result of a most evident desire to avoid such apparent devotion as she has been proved to have felt for the Defendant. I ask you gentlemen, what simpler term a man can use in writing than "yours truly?" I ask you could anything have been more distant from his mind than love for Miss Clovertop when he was engaged at that very time to Miss Moneybags, whom he has married? To my mind the cause of justice is indeed strained in making out a case at all. But, gentlemen, as Shakespeare so beautifully and truly says: "The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath." I would simply say be merciful to my client.

He has already suffered more than generally falls to the lot of mortal man. Miss Clovertop's attentions were sufficiently harrowing to my client without having this dreadful case, this cobweb of an imaginary breach of promise foisted upon him; a case, which in my opinion, is no case at all. I wonder that all this has not turned my client's hair white.

DEF. ATT. J. Barrymore de Browne-Smythe please take the stand? (BROWNE-SMYTHE *takes stand and has oath administered to him as before.*

DEF. ATT. Now let us hear your side of the story, sir?

DE B.-S. I met Plaintiff at the theatre; we were introduced by old Busby, their seats were next to mine. They invited me to go home with them after the play and have a little supper. They always do have a good spread at Busby's, so I went; I didn't notice Plaintiff particularly; thought she was Cynthy's aunt.

ARA. (*Sobbing.*) Oh, you wretch! I wish I had never laid eyes on you!

DEF. ATT. (*Interrupting.*) Did you call there soon?

DE B.-S. I did go there to dinner next Sunday, as Plaintiff says, and to lunch often during the week. That was nothing new. I had been in the habit of doing so for about two years and used to drop in of an evening to play poker with old Busby and his friends. We used to play down in the dining-room and when we wanted a quiet smoke had to go into the laundry; Cynthy was so afraid we'd spoil her lace curtains.

DEF. ATT. Did you never make a proposal of marriage to Miss Clovertop?

DE B.-S. Never, that I can remember. I cannot be quite certain on that point, however, for I am subject to fits of emotional insanity. My step-mother was insane, and I inherit it from her. If I ever did propose to Plaintiff it was during one of these spells, and in that case I do not think I am responsible. There's nothing more to say excepting that the old girl wanted to marry me badly enough, but I was engaged to Miss Moneybags and wouldn't have looked at Clovertop if she'd been worth millions.

P. ATT. (*producing note.*) Mr. de Browne-Smythe, is this your hand-writing?

DE B.-S. I think it is. (*Examines it and and puts up his eye-glass.*)

P. ATT. Will you swear to it?

DE. B.-S. Why, yes, it is mine. (*Looks at it critically with glass in one eye.*)

P. ATT. Oh, it is yours! You acknowledge that you wrote a note to this young lady signed "yours truly." The body of the note is of little consequence but the signature has great weight. What do you mean Mr. Browne-Smythe, with a hyphen, by signing yourself "yours truly," if you were not truly hers? Why did you use that expression?

DE B.-S. I consider the signing of a note in that way a mere matter of form and I think no more of it in this instance than if I had written to my tailor about some confounded bill.

P. ATT. No profanity Mr. Smythe if you please. Try and remember, if you can that you are in the presence of ladies.

DEF. ATT. Mr. Augustus Fitzallen Thompson. (*Mr. Thompson takes stand and is sworn in by preceding oath.*)

DEF. ATT. What is your name?

THOM. Augustus Fitzallen Thompson; the boys call me Fitzy and the girls call me Gussie.

DEF. ATT. What is your business?

THOM. I travel for the One Price Clothing House and am considered a first class drummer and flirt.

DEF. ATT. What is your definition of flirt?

THOM. One who pays *attention* without *intention.*

DEF. ATT. An excellent answer sir; and so you are one of these?

THOM. Yes, sir; I consider myself an experienced masher

DEF ATT. How many flirtations can you carry on successfully at once?

THOM. As many as fifteen if the girls are not acquainted and reside in different places. When several of them reside in the same city it is a more difficult matter.

DEF. ATT. You seem to understand your profession perfectly, sir. I think we can admit your testimony as an expert. Are you generally so considered in the matter of flirtations?

P. ATT. I object to *that* question on the following grounds: first, that it is impertinent; and secondly, it is not pertinent.

JUDGE. The objection is over-ruled on the ground that all *impertinence is* pertinent *in Court.*

P. ATT. I except to this ruling.

JUDGE. I note the exception. Witness may proceed.

THOM. I have been considered an expert in flirtations for some years and as such I must say that the attentions paid the Plaintiff by Defendant according to her story do not exceed the bounds of an ordinary flirtation. From my personal observation, and I am a close observer, Barrymore had not in this affair reached the first stage of the mildest form of flirtation.

DEF. ATT. That will do; you may stand down. (MR. THOMPSON *resumes his seat.*)

DEF. ATT. We rest.

May it please your honor and gentlemen of the Jury, I rise to address you in behalf of my client, Mr. J. Barrymore de Browne-Smythe, the Defendant. My learned brother will no doubt discourse to you with all his noted eloquence upon the fancied wrongs of this designing female. I do not speak disrespectfully but truthfully. As a rule, man is so easily swayed by the fair sex I should almost despair of my cause were it not that we are to be judged by not one man but twelve.—Yes, twelve gentlemen of rare ability and, indeed I may say unusual astuteness of intellect, My learned and clever brother will no doubt set before you the much abused simile of the ivy twining about the oak, but, gentlemen, if I should reverse this poetic idea it would suit this case much better. For, sturdy and old like the oak she sought to twine the ivy about her as a protection against the storms of life, but not so *green* was my client. Put yourselves in his place, gentlemen. Would you not have fled from the snare so openly set for you? I feel sure you would; I know you would. I am a man and speak

feelingly and from my heart. To my mind it is clearly proven, gentlemen, that the Plaintiff came to town on matrimony bent, that she answered advertisements and wrote letters trying to entrap the affections of my client, a young man not yet through with the gayeties of life and youthful love of the romantic. One of her letters being now in my possession, bear with me while I read it to you. (*Takes letter from his pocket; smells it, as perfumed, and then, much disgusted, reads it in an affected voice, after laying aside a large pressed sunflower which he takes out of letter.*) "BELOVED CUPID OF MY DREAMS; Pardon the arduous impulse of a girlish heart which is utterly yours, for it seems as though I must have known you if only in my visions. They have been sacredly cherished until such time as I should meet the hero of my musings. My lips have never yet been pressed by mortal man.——"

MARY ANDERSON. I believe that.

DEF. ATT. "—I have ever loved poetry, and my emotions often overflow in verse. I enclose you an "Ode to the Sunflower," which is quite impromptu. My disposition is gay and infantile, but not flippacious. I possess a little home where we could realize our brightest dreams of love in a cottage. If you are pleased with my nature and can respond to the sentiments which oscillate my heart you may address me care of Jay Cooke Busby, Murray Hill, New York." Now, gentlemen, if you will have patience, you shall hear the "Ode to a Sunflower."

Oh, thou beauteous æsthetic flower,
That dwellest in thy leafy bower,
And turnest alway to the sun
As my heart to my beloved one;
When I gaze upon thy yellow leaves
My spirit sadly mourns and grieves;
I cannot see his handsome face
Until I leave this country place.
I've wrote to Cynthy I would come
And visit in her city home;
Life will not seem so dull and stupid
When I meet thee, dearest Cupid.
Hope sheds upon my life her beams,
I see thee in my blissful dreams.
'Tis midnight's hour and I must stop;
Yours, Araminta Clovertop.

(ARAMINTA *sobs and weeps and is comforted by* CYNTHY.)

That this Clover blossom meant business there is no doubt, but it is so plain to me that my client's intentions were exactly the opposite to those imputed to him that I must rely upon your sound judgment to prove to these matrimonial pioneers that they have very little to hope and nothing to gain.

P. ATT. May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury: Ahem! (*Wipes his mouth with a large white handkerchief.*) There once existed a tradition away down deep in the dim, dark vistas of the ages past, that man was intended as a champion, the defender,

as it were, of the weaker and fairer sex. That he rejoiced in his manly strength and courage, inasmuch that the aforesaid powers might be used in protecting the unprotected, and that as the clinging ivy twines its tendrils about——

D. Att. (*Interrumpting. To* Jury.) Gentlemen, didn't I tell you so?

Crier. Order in the Court!

Judge. Proceed, sir.

P. Att. The clinging ivy twines its tendrils about the sturdy oak; the monarch of the forest, so should woman's mission be, to sweetly cling about the effections of her lord and master, man, safe from the rude blast of the cold world's storms there to repose in comfort, happiness and security, and, as it were, unsuspecting bliss. My friends, does this state of things exist no more? Is man's nature changed? Is he to be a petted, pampered, nabob while woman must be his slave; to wait upon him, and devote her life to him? But I am wandering from my subject. My client, gentlemen, Miss Araminta Clovertop, is a simple country girl; young, unsophisticated and, as it were, guileless. Free from all the arts and wiles that worldings prize. You have seen how this Adonis, this Apollo Belvedere, with the combined attractions of his handsome face and hyphened name, succeeded in winning the budding affections of her youthful heart. You have heard how he once wrote to her a note signing himself "hers truly," and you have heard when at last, persuaded by his entreaties, she promised to be his bride, he coolly left her to her grief and tears, while he, wedded to one of fortunes favored daughters, rolls in luxury and wealth in the gilded carriage of his father-in-law. No more is he seen in his fmiliar place at Mrs. Busby's lunch and dinner table. No more does he play poker with his friend Busby. No more does his country blossom bloom for her Barry. Silent and sad she pines in solitude and wastes her sweetness on the desert air. Gentlemen of the Jury, shall this man go free? Shall this villian go unpunished? If he does not receive his deserts and the punishment he so richly merits at your hands in the cause of justice and the protection of fair woman, then I do not know what a jury is for. (Jurors *applaud; Araminta weeps; handkerchief business; powders her face and tries to cheer up.*

Judge. (*Rising and addressing the* Jury.) Gentlemen of the Jury, You have heard with much patience, and, I believe, real pleasure, *ab initio ad finem* (from beginning to end), the evidence which my learned brothers have put *coram nobis* (before us), and the sad story of the Plaintiff which she has told us so *slowly* and *succinctly*. The chief point, if I have understood correctly, was that the Defendant was found with Plaintiff's arms about his neck; but *fronta nulla fides* (there is no trusting appearances), you, gentlemen, are here to prove whether or not this situation is synonymous with an offer of marriage. Philosophers tell us that it is natural for a woman's arms to extend forward in a horizontal plane and at a certain angle, acquire a circular rotary movement. If this be true, gentlemen, why seek to de-naturalize woman, our fair representative? *Aut amat, aut odit mulier* (A woman either loves or hates). You no doubt have had some experience in encounters with the fair sex and *ab uno desce, omnes* (from one specimen judge all the rest). If you

find for the Plaintiff let it be a sum sufficient to heal her bruised heart and make a lasting impression on the Defendant. If for the Defendant make it clear that he is free from all responsibility attached to his actions. In a case of such vital importance as this your verdict *must* be a true one. If you believe the testimony of the Plaintiff's witnesses you will see that of necessity you must find for the Defendant. If, on the contrary, you believe the Defendant's testimony you will without doubt find for the Plaintiff. In concluding, I appeal to you as gentlemen of honor and intelligence, and *fiat justitia ruat caelum* (let justice be done though the heavens fall).

CRIER. Silence in the Court?

FOREMAN. Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon the verdict? (*Jury consult together.*)

ZWEILAGER. We have.

JUDGE. Do you find for the Plaintiff or for the Defendant?

ZWEILAGER. We find dat ash de Defendant has kintlet a flame in de breast of de Blaindiff, he is guilty of arzon in de fourth degree. Damages von cent. (ARAMINTA *throws herself into* CYNTHY'S *arms.* MARY ANDERSON *congratulates* BARRYMORE. ARAMINTA *recovers and hakes hands with* JURY *separately.* BARRYMORE *thanks* BUSBY. CYNTHY *rushes over, seizes* BUSBY *by collar and marches him to door glaring at* BARRYMORE.)

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